The Sun.

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Biting Off Their Own Noses.

Nebraska has long had a passion for putting a hook into the jaws of the railroads. The granger virus has never got out of her veins. Now she is enjoying herself in the good old Populist manner. Her Legislature was never happy without some sort of maximum freight rate bill before it. Now, when the Republican party has outpopulized the Populists and swallowed Bryanism, that Legislature passes anti-railroad bills with even more than its ancient celerity and enjoyment.

Take, for instance, the bill—the law it is now—reducing by fifteen per cent. freight rates on grain, fruit, building material, potatoes and coal. Joy fills Nebraska, and the honest farmer exults in his honesty. How would the farmer like to have the Legislature reduce the price of his grain, his fruit, his potatoes? Oh, the farmers are a privileged class, whereas the railroad managers and stockholders are utterly accursed.

It is an old notion, and each generation has to learn the futility of it, that you cannot help one part of the body politic by hurting another. The granger States had their lesson once. Perhaps they are not to be blamed for forgetting it now that it seems to be the chief business and pleasure of most of the country to run amuck against the railroads, which have done such great and indispensable work in the development of the United States.

To hinder that development by making it difficult or impossible for the railroads to get the improvements and extensions necessary to keep pace with the progress and prosperity of the nation: this is the noble purpose of the Legislatures which have caught the divine fire from the supreme oracle.

The Coming Peace Congress at The Hague.

The conferences which are now going on between the German Chancellor and Signor TITTONI, the Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs, are exciting a good deal of interest, and it is suggested that Prince VON BULOW desires to learn whether Italy means to exercise her right of withdrawing in 1908 from the Triple Alliance, which, if not denounced, will continue until 1914. As a matter of fact, none of the leading Italian statesmen has indicated any desire to change the existing relations of his country to the Austro-German coalition. It is much more probable that the question discussed is whether Italy would concur with her allies in declining to consider the reduction of military and naval armaments in the congress to be held at The Hague in June.

It is now certain that the British Government some days ago officially requested Russia, to which the task of drafting the programme of the next Hague congress was delegated, to include the question of the limitation of expenditures on armaments. Notice of this application has been sent to all the Powers invited to participate in the congress, but as yet no reply has been received. It is known that objections either to the form or to the substance of the proposal have been made by the German and Austrian Ambassadors at St. Petersburg, but precisely what the objections are, and how they have been received by the Czar, remains to be ascertained. There is of course no ground for the notion that Great Britain and the United States will withdraw from the congress if their wish to discuss the reduction of armaments is unheeded, or that, in the opposite event, Germany, Austria, and possibly France, will pursue a similar course. There are many other important matters to be dealt with if the work of the first Hague Conference is to have any development. Conspicuous among these are an exact determination of the rights and duties of neutrals, the treatment of the private property of belligerents at sea, and the permissibility of the bombardment of unfortified ports, towns and villages by a naval force. There is no doubt that these phases of warfare deeply affect the interests and well being of mankind, and attention was directed to them by Secretary HAY in a circular note addressed in October, 1904, to our Ambassadors and Ministers accredited to signatory Powers.

It may be also recalled that in April, 1904, our Congress passed a joint resolution declaring it to be desirable that an agreement should be reached by the principal maritime nations to adopt the principle that all private property at sea (whether belonging to neutrals or belligerents) shall be exempt from capture or destruction by belligerents, provided, of course, such private property is not contraband of war. The acceptance of this principle would obviously involve a more precise definition of contraband than now exists, a distinction being drawn at the present time between what is absolutely and what is only conditionally contraband. It also concerns neutrals to secure the inviolability of their official and private correspondence, which, it may be remembered, was not always respected during the Russo-Japanese War. Among the special operations of maritime warfare not only the bombardment of ports, cities and villages by a naval force, but also the conditions under which torpedoes may be laid, require to be considered. It is necessary, too, to make more definite the rules applicable to belligerent vessels in neutral ports, and the circumstances under which merchant vessels captured as prizes (on the charge of conveying contraband) may be destroyed. It is obvious that in the case of the destruction of a merchant vessel much or all of the evidence bearing on the question whether she was lawful prize might disappear.

It is well known that in the Pan-American conference at Rio de Janeiro our Government promised to propose in the Hague congress the abrogation of the right claimed to enforce by arms the payment of contractual obligations, a right exercised by Germany, Great Britain and Italy in 1902 against Venezuela. It is not improbable that Great Britain might now be induced to accept this principle, though she has violated it in several instances, notably in the case of Egypt. There is, on the other hand, but little prospect of concurrence on the part of the larger Continental Powers. Uncertain also is the extent to which Germany will go in improving the provisions of the last Hague convention for the peaceful settlement of international controversies. The moral pressure brought to bear, however, in favor of such improvements will be tremendous, and it may well be that the Emperor WILLIAM will prove reluctant to show himself intractable.

Even if the hopes of the advocates of reduced armaments and of arrangements calculated to maintain international peace should fall short of fulfilment there is ample work to be done by the congress in the mitigation of the sufferings and losses inflicted by warfare on land and at sea.

Municipal Starvation.

Two years ago the attention of the public was drawn to the fact that no appropriation was made by the city for feeding prisoners under arrest and awaiting arraignment. At that time Comptroller EDWARD M. GROUT declared that should a reasonable bill for food furnished to a prisoner in a police station be presented, properly certified, to the Finance Department he would find a way to audit it. This was believed to offer a method by which the suffering of detained persons from lack of food might be prevented without entailing expense on policemen.

It appears, however, from the testimony of a woman prisoner and a policeman in one of the Magistrates' courts on Saturday that there is still no provision for feeding the persons locked up in the police cells. The woman declared she had been without food for "nearly twenty-four hours." Her statement was not contradicted. The policeman complainant against her explained it by saying there was no appropriation for such purposes.

It is difficult to imagine why this unnecessary hardship is inflicted on persons accused of crime. The convict is fed well, if plainly; his rights are certainly not superior to those of the mere suspect. Perhaps the present neglect means that there is graft in the sale of meals to prisoners able to pay for them. Whatever the explanation is, the condition should not be continued longer, nor should private charity be called on to supply food for those prevented by the city from getting it for themselves.

The Avenue of the Presidents.

There is an interesting compound of ecstasy and thrift in the Washington clamor which contemplates changing the name of Sixteenth street to "The Avenue of the Presidents." Sixteenth is the street which leads straight south from the encircling hills, and but for the obstacle interposed by Lafayette Square would empty itself into the doors of the White House. It is a handsome thoroughfare, though inferior in many respects of beauty to Connecticut or Massachusetts avenue. But shrewd householders along the line see profit in the renomination. Naturally the whole court breaks out in squalls of rapture.

Sixteenth street is not and never can be in any proper sense the "Avenue of the Presidents." There is no sort of reason why Presidents should use it in preference to any other street. It is not convenient to the White House, and any one driving from the Executive Mansion to a desirable part of the capital would have to pass around Lafayette Square to get there; and then, nine chances in ten, he would take Vermont or Connecticut avenue as the nearest and most desirable approach.

We have no wish to interrupt the schemings of the speculators, still less to dilute the fervent bawlings of the anointed. Perish the thought of thwarting a timely deal in real estate or mitigating the harmony of an ingenuous and soulful retinue. The fact remains, however, that Sixteenth street is by no means a logical drive for "the Presidents," no matter where they may want to go. It should be called Roosevelt avenue, which is, no doubt, the real inspiration of the affectionate tumult in high society and real estate circles.

Jiu-Jitsu at West Point?

Apropos of the suggestion that the so-called "science of jiu-jitsu" shall be made part of the athletic curriculum at the West Point Military Academy the very natural question arises, where are we to get instructors?

A few years ago a gentleman from the Pacific Coast, Mr. J. J. HILL'S son-in-law, if we are not mistaken, obtained permission from the Emperor of Japan to bring to this country for a brief tour one of the real experts from the college. In different American cities he entertained his friends and acquaintances with exhibitions, always in private and at his own expense, however, it being forbidden to the real Japanese experts to receive pay for public performances or to engage in contests on the stage. Perhaps the most distinguished company assembled anywhere in this country was at Washington, where very high Government officials in both the military and civil branches were invited, together with men prominent in society, in club life and in affairs. The exhibition was given in the gymnasium of a private school and only invited guests were admitted.

But the important feature of the occasion was an explanatory address delivered by the host as preliminary to the performance. In this address he assured the company that only the rudiments of jiu-jitsu were known outside of the royal academy of Japan, which he described as a species of temple maintained by the Government and devoted to the education of a specially selected fraternity or priesthood. He said that the simple, elementary degrees—the first three, as he specified them—were conferred upon certain policemen, certain officers of the army and navy, and certain members of the ruling class selected with great care by reason of high character and established responsibility. The real science, however, was never taught to any one outside the brotherhood, and, as he was careful to impress upon his hearers, any one pretending to practise that science in this country for purposes of public exhibition or undertaking to teach it to foreigners in pursuit of a profession could safely be regarded as a humbug and an impudent impostor. He spoke in evident good faith and with the entire approval of the Japanese professor, an elderly man of remarkable intelligence. Members of the Japanese Legation present certainly did not challenge a single one of his statements.

Where, then, shall we find the experts who are to instruct West Point and Annapolis in jiu-jitsu? It is conceivable, of course, that the President of the United States may have a private understanding with his fellow sovereign, the Mikado, in which case our boys at the military schools may be enabled to learn a great deal more than they now know about breaking bones and inflicting grievous physical injury upon others. Any one of a dozen or more of the tricks that quiet, grayhaired little Japanese scientist exploited in the Washington gymnasium on the occasion above referred to would have turned the tide in any football match. But the self-styled "jiu-jitsu experts" who have been proclaiming themselves in this country during the last few years do not seem to have "made good" anywhere. They did not cover themselves with glory at West Point or Annapolis. A Chicago athlete got hold of one of them at Asheville, N. C., not so long ago and sent him to the hospital for some weeks, while a New York wrestler has since tackled one of the most pretentious of the coterie, very greatly to the latter's sorrow and discomfiture. A colored cake walk bully of this town thrashed two of them into insensibility still more recently. Upon the whole, it would appear that the grizzled little professor who performed at Washington, as we have shown, authorized a very fair estimate of the jiu-jitsu experts now available in this country as teachers of the art.

Needless to say that we would have our youth made expert in the only line of excellence which seems to lead to honor and promotion in these stirring times—that of brawn and toughness and capacity for homicide. We are doing pretty well, however, as things are, and should be very careful in the inauguration of new methods of brutality.

The Isle of Pines is about to revolt again. Another policeman should be sent to the seat of trouble immediately.

Uncle JOE CANNON has been seeing the world, but Mr. BRYAN is still the only genuine Great American Traveller.

"Immediate Ownership" DUNNE, Mayor of Chicago, will get his quietus or his reward of want of merit to-morrow. An official chockful of good intentions, no doubt; but in performance a slight, unmeritable man. Indeed, were he not absolutely without sense of humor he would have perceived his ridiculous inefficiency long ago and would not have sought to keep it up for another term.

Christian Efforts in Japan.

Advance sheets of the Jiyu-Tsuhin (Liberal News Agency) of Tokio, Japan, tell us of the following:

In 1905, according to official investigation, there were in Japan 889 Protestant missionaries (including women), 119 Roman Catholic missionaries and 124 female workers. Only one missionary represented the Greek Church. There were 463 ordained Japanese Protestants under various names, 33 clergymen of the Roman Church and 30 Greeks. Various bodies of Protestants have 562 male workers, the Roman Catholics have 269 and the Greeks 150. There were 350 female workers among the Protestants, 35 among the Roman Catholics and some among the Greeks. In all 3,038 persons in Japan were devoting themselves to the propagation of the Gospel of Christ.

The number of Christian churches in Japan is 529 Protestant, 145 Roman Catholic and 260 Greek. Of preaching stations the Roman Catholics have 1,917 and the Protestants 598. A striking fact, says Dr. Motoda, Ph. D., a priest of the Seikokwai in Japan, is that the number of temples, shrines and workers therein is decreasing, while Christian churches and Christian workers are increasing.

The number of Protestant communicants in Japan was found to be 46,807, of the baptized 10,829, of baptized infants 162, of the catechumens 3,829, in all 60,826 Protestants. The Roman Catholic Church has 59,437 believers, and the Greek Church 29,115. The grand total of Christians in Japan is 149,414, of a total population of 48,000,000. The ratio is 320 non-believers to one Christian. The Seikokwai forms part of the Christian organization in Japan. The Japanese official statistics show that while the population doubles itself each forty-six years, the number of Christians is doubled every eighteen years. Barring accidents, the whole population of Japan may be Christianized in 237 years.

Life in Corea.

From the Korea Daily Times.

It is reported that Prince Euichin will return to Corea before the ceremony of putting up Prince Yung-chin's hair takes place.

A fourteen-year-old boy attending one of the city schools is given five cents a day by his father to pay for his lunch at noon, but the other day the boy asked his father for three months allowance in a bunch, and having received it he took it to a newspaper office and asked to have it applied to the fund for ridding Corea of her debt to Japan, and he is now going without his tiffin.

A report from the district of An-hyup says that the prefect has been doing a rushing business in selling widows.

On the 9th a bandit raid was made on the prefectural office at Yun-an and the prefect and the other officers ran away. The contents of the office were burned.

To a Corean in North Kyunp-sang province, who lately passed his 100th birthday, high honorary rank was given by the Emperor.

In a town not far south of Seoul the bandits have so much faith in their cause that they have asked the prefect to join them. He politely refused.

Speculators Reform.

From the London Graphic.

Messrs. Foster Brothers, general brokers, Hull, were summoned at Grimsby yesterday at the instance of the Cleethorpes Urban District Council for leaving a whale they had recently purchased on the foreshore, thus constituting a danger to public health. The defendants said that had the tides permitted they would have towed it away. It was their first purchase of a whale and would be the last.

AROUND THE GALLERIES.

Anders Zorn—what's in a name? Possibly the learned and amiable father of Tristram Shandy or that formidable pedant Prof. Slawkenbergius might find much to arouse his interest in the patronymic of the great Swedish painter and etcher. What Zorn means in his native tongue we do not profess to know; but in German it signifies anger, wrath, rage. Now, the Zorn in life is not an enraged person—unless some lady sitter asks him to paint her as she is not. He is, as all will testify who have met him, a man of rare personal charm and sprightly humor. He, it may be added, calls yellow yellow, and he never paints a policeman like a poet. In a word, a man of robust, normal vision, a realist and an artist. False realism with its hectic, Zolalike romanticism is distasteful to Zorn. He is near Degas among the Frenchmen and Zuloaga among the new Spaniards; near them in a certain forthright quality of depicting life, though unlike them in technical and individual methods.

Yes, Zorn, that crisp, bold, short name, which begins with a letter that abruptly cuts both eye and ear, quite fits the painter's personality, fits his art. He is often ironic. Some fanciful theorist has said that the letters Z and K are important factors in the career of the men who possess them in their names. Camille Saint-Saëns has spoken of Franz Liszt and his lucky letter. It is a very pretty idea, especially when one stakes on zero at Monte Carlo; but no doubt Anders Zorn would be the first to laugh the idea out of doors.

At the Keppel Galleries, 4 East Thirty-ninth street, there is now going on an exhibition of Zorn etchings, 135 in number, two water colors and an oil painting, "In the Woods." We recall an exhibition a few years ago at Venice in the art gallery of the Giardino Reale. Zorn had a place of honor among the boiling and bubbling Secessionists; indeed, his work filled a large room. And what work. Such a giant's revel of energy. Such landscapes, riotous, sinister and lovely. Such women! Here we pause for breath. Zorn's conception of womanhood has given offence to many idealists, who do not realize that once upon a time our forebears were furry and indulged in arboreal habits. Zorn can paint a lady; he has signed many gentle and aristocratic canvases.

But Zorn is also too sincere not to paint what he sees. Some of his models are of the earth, earthy; others step toward you with the candid majesty of a Brunhilda, naked, unashamed and regal. They are all vital. We recall, too, the expressions, shocked, amazed, even dazed, of some American art students who, fresh from their golden Venetian dreams, faced the uncompromising pictures of a man who had faced the everyday life of his day. For these belated visionaries, whose ideal in art was to reproduce painfully some copy of Giorgione, Tiziano or Tiepolo, this modern, with his rude assault upon the nerves, must have seemed a very iconoclast. Yet Zorn only attempts to reproduce the life encircling him. He is a child of his age. He, too, has a perception of beauty, but it is the beauty that may be found by the artist with an ardent, unspoiled gaze, the curious, disquieting beauty of our time. Whistler saw it in old Venetian doorways as well as down Chelsea way or at Rotherhithe. Zorn sees it in some corner of a wood, some sudden flex of muscle, some intimate firelit interior. And he loves to depict the glistening curves of his big model as she stands in the sunlight, a solid reproach to physical and moral anæmia. A pagan, by Apollo!

As an etcher the delicacy of his sheathed lion's paw is the principal quality that meets the eye, notwithstanding the broad execution. Etching is essentially an impressionistic art. Zorn is the impressionist among etchers. He seems to attack his plate not with the finesse of a meticulous fencing master but like a Viking, with a broad Berserker blade. He hews, he hacks, he gashes. There is blood in his veins, and he does not spare the ink. But examine closely these little prints—some of them miracles of printing—and you may discern their delicate sureness, subtlety and economy of gesture. Mr. Fitzroy Carrington, who prefaces the catalogue, quotes the Parisian critic Henri Marcel, who among other things wrote of the Zorn etchings: "Let us only say that these etchings—paradoxical in their coarseness of means and fineness of effect—manifest the master at his best."

Coarseness of means and fineness of effect—the phrase is a happy one. Coarse is sometimes the needlework of Zorn, but the end justifies the means. He is often cruel, more cruel than Sargent. His portraits prove it. He has etched all his friends, some of whom must have felt honored and amused—or else offended. The late Paul Verlaine, for example, would not have been pleased with the story of his life as etched by the Swede. It is as biting a commentary—one is tempted to say as acid—as a page from Strindberg. Yes, without a touch of Strindberg's mad fantasy, Zorn is kin to him in his ironic, witty way of saying things about his friends and in front of their faces. Consider that large plate of Renan. Has any one so told the truth concerning the ex-seminarian, casuist and marvellous prose writer of France? The large, loosely modelled head with its fleshy curves, its super-subtle mouth of orator, the gaze veiled, the bland, pontifical expression, the expression of the man who spoke of "the mania of certitude"—here is Ernest Renan, voluptuous, disdainer of democracies, the planner of a phalanstery of superior men years before Nietzsche's superman appeared. Zorn in no unkindly spirit shows us the thinker; also the author of "l'Abbesse Jouarre." It is something, is it not, to evoke with needle, acid, paper and ink the dualism of such a brain and temperament as was Renan's?

He is not flattering to himself, Zorn. The Henry G. Marquand, two impressions, leaves one rather sad. An Irish girl, Annie, is superb in its suggestion of form and color. Saint-Gaudens and his model is excellent; we prefer the portrait (No. 50). The Evening (No. 43), "Girl Bathing," is rare in treatment—simple, restrained, vital. She has turned her back, and we are grateful, for it is a beautiful back. The landscape is as evanescent as Whistler, the printing is in a delicate key. The Berlin Gallery contains a Zorn, a portrait striking in its reality. It represents Miss Maja von Heyne wearing a collar of skins. She may represent the Maja of Ibsen's epilogue, "When We Dreamers Awake"; Maja, the companion of the bear hunter, Ulfheim. As etched (No. 73) we miss the massiveness, the rich, vivid color, yet it is a plate of distinction.

Among the portraits may be seen the Hon. Daniel S. Lamont, Senator "Billy" Mason, our President—sitting still for once in his life—the Hon. John Hay—an admirable transcription of a great man—Mr. and Mrs. Atherton Curtis, an American artistic couple residing in Paris, and several distinguished big wigs of several nations. The solitary oil painting is an impressionistic affair, showing some overblown girls dressing after their bath. The sun flecks their shoulders, but otherwise seems rather inclined to retire modestly. Evidently not the midnight sun.

We have barely indicated the beauties of this exhibition in which the virile spirit of Anders Zorn comes out at you from the wall—a healthy, whole souled, large hearted, gifted Swede is this man with the Z.

There is a new outburst, patriotic, we hope, of Roosevelt portraits. Some reveal our Master Builder as a studious German professor; in another we see him laying down the law to an invisible audience—probably the Medes and Persians; in a third, at Knoedler's, his name is surely Rosenfeld. He is all things to all painters. At Knoedler's the versatility of the late and truly to be lamented Walter Appleton Clark is displayed in the list of his drawings, some 225 in number. At the Schaus Art Galleries recent portraits are on exhibition, likewise a collection of mezzotint proofs by the last of the great English mezzotinters, Samuel Cousins. At William Clausen's you may see the gardens of Frank Russell Wadsworth, literally the hanging gardens, so vivid and fresh are they—particularly the garden of James Lawrence Breese at Southampton. Jonas Lie, who is a new note in the harmonies of American landscapists, is showing some small paintings in oil at the New Gallery, 15 West Thirtieth street; Amy Cross has been seen as a specialist in water colors at the Powell Gallery, 983 Sixth avenue; and Cadwalader Washburn exhibits his new paintings and etchings at the gallery of the New York School of Art, Broadway and Eightieth street. Charles Austin Needham shows his work in oil and water color at the art gallery of the Salmagundi Club. There is an exhibition of American paintings from the collection of Dr. Alexander C. Humphries at the Lotos Club; while but recently the Union League Club threw open its picture gallery to some American painters, in which display there were thirty-one pictures by contemporary artists. At the Metropolitan Museum there is an exhibit of Colonial relics until April 6.

Oh, the women painters! They are here to stay, and they are not to be jostled by the contiguity of the male dabsters. And their youth does not count at all. We got to the Macbeth Galleries just as the Ellen Emmet portrait exhibition was closing. It had been a very successful affair. Miss Emmet paints men with force, sobriety and veracity. The heads of Dr. Trudeau, Lawrence Grant White, young Joseph Choate—a characteristic production—and of Augustus Saint-Gaudens were noteworthy. Our greatest sculptor—some say the greatest living sculptor—is Saint-Gaudens to the life, low toned in scheme, loose in brush work and objectively viewed. At Kraushaar's Galleries, Fifth avenue below Twenty-ninth street, portraits of Adéle Herter are now attracting unusual attention. Mrs. Herter does not paint like her husband, Albert Herter, though she has painted him in a masculine kimono—is there such a dainty garment?—and with a wife's due appreciation of his blond comeliness (William Glackens please make note!). Mrs. Herter is felicitous in feminine portraits, though to our notion the best picture, certainly the most sincerely felt, is the head of Dr. Edward K. Dunham, with its curious suggestion, vague as well, of Paderewski. Best of all, these portraits do not resemble the same family—of silks, satins, lace, diamonds and pretty paint—which dazzle us in the displays of fashionable portrait mongers. Mrs. Herter searches for the character of her sitter, not alone for the texture of her gown. She is not flattering. She portrays a handsome woman midway in this mortal life, with crowsfeet about her eyes, and in them unconcealed regret. Her portrait of little Miss Abby Rockefeller is a study in the psychology of infantile Standard Oil. The granddaughter of John D. holds an orange in her hand (or is it a lemon?) and is evidently conducting a dicker with her nurse, who is in the invisible foreground.

We wish to make a handsome apology to Robert Reid. He does not smoke cigarettes—as was asserted in THE SUN art notes—and has not for more than seven weeks! In academic circles there is a belief that the broken brush work of the impressionists is the outcome of cigarette smoking. But this is prejudice. Mr. Reid could draw as *legato* a line as any academic pipe smoker.

Postage Stamp Reform.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The plan to allow the use of two cent stamps in place of the regular special delivery stamp seems to have met with universal approbation. The reasons for this change were mainly ones of convenience, but the practical results in increasing the Government's revenues and the benefit to the public will be far reaching. If this is true in regard to special delivery stamps, why would not a plan that permitted one form of stamp to be used for all purposes be still more and correspondingly beneficial? Why should not the present two cent stamp be so made (as by a perforated dotted line vertically across its middle) as to allow it to be cut or torn in two, either half to be used as a one cent stamp, to be used either singly or with two cent stamps to make five cent postage? This would greatly increase the use of postal cards, especially in view of the present craze for the souvenir variety.

In connection with special delivery stamps one often sees in the newspapers warnings to the public not to put them on letters going to foreign countries. Why would it not be a good plan to have a ruling by the Post Office Department that the presence of a special delivery stamp or stamps on letters for foreign countries will result in the letter being sent to catch the mail on the wharf or on board the steamer carrying the mail, in case the letter reaches the post office after the regular mail at the office has closed? I confess that before knowing that such was not the rule I often put a special delivery stamp on a foreign letter, my idea being that upon receipt at the post office it would be sent to the steamer to catch the mail there.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 30. W. A. M.

Reminiscence of Georgia Blackberries.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Excuse me, but I don't agree with you that Georgia blackberries are plentiful as late as midsummer. I ate them in 1864, I think as early as May, while I was temporarily staying—was being forcibly restrained meets the situation better—at Camp Oglethorpe, previously a park of that name, at Macon. I was fortunate in being the possessor of some money and paid 50 cents a quart in Confederate currency for the berries.

With some cornmeal baked by ourselves in our mud ovens into "pones," some dark colored beans, a little rice and an occasional piece of bacon about the size of one's finger, and plenty of water from an inexhaustible well from which it was a great pleasure to drink, and the berries, while the season lasted, always having one of my fellow prisoners to share them with me, I got along very well.

BROOKLYN, March 30. J. C. W.

A Life Insurance Foundation.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The letter of H. N. Fairbanks in to-day's SUN on cheap life insurance for persons of limited means expresses, I am sure, the sentiments of a large number of hard working clerks and mechanics who are struggling to provide for their loved ones for the present and for the future.

We have excellent savings banks for the living wage earner. Why will not some great philanthropist endow a life insurance company to provide insurance at bare actual cost for policies of moderate amounts, so that the father can afford to leave a comfortable sum to wife and children?

Such a company needs no extravagantly paid officers, no palatial buildings with high towers, but a solid endowment and honest management.

GLEN RIDGE, N. J., March 29. G.

A Friend of Humanity.

O noble Laird of Skibo,
Pray why do you inveigh
Against stock market gambling
And Wall Street's wicked way?

According to your preaching
Its worst can but bestow
The very greatest blessing
This vale of tears can know.

For when there comes a panic
One thing is mighty sure:
It always gives the orphan
A chance to start life poor.

And when the values tumble,
And all things gloomy look,
The widow gains distinction
As seamstress, teacher, cook.

McLANDBURGH WILSON.

THE NATIONAL GUARD.

Facts and Conditions Which a Legislative Inquiry Would Have Brought Out.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* As the bill to investigate the National Guard has been buried, the writer, who has had nearly twenty years of continuous service in the Guard, feels that it might be of interest to the public to point out a few facts that the investigation would have developed.

It would have been found that the National Guard of New York is an organization composed of upward of 15,000 men, whose average age is twenty-five years. Some of these men have served the State for more than twenty-five years. Of this host, all but a baker's dozen or so serve without pay of any character. Do we say without pay? Let us add, they pay dues to their organizations during the entire period of their service, as well as fines when they have no valid excuse for their absence from drills, and business is not considered an excuse for absence—such is the law of this particular Commonwealth.

It would have been found that an average of 88 per cent. of the 15,000 guardsmen spend at least one night a week during the drill season at the armory of their organization, not playing tennis or basketball, nor listening to the band, nor wearing gold lace, but working through a two hour drill or shooting at a rifle range in a cellar. This large body of men is as patriotic and as self-restrained a set as could be found anywhere in the world: patriotic because they volunteer their services to the State purely for the love they bear the flag under which they live; self-restrained because they bear with fortitude the sneers of the neophyte and the know nothing, as well as those of the civilian critic whose study of the military equipment of the State is confined to his review of a Decoration Day parade or some function of a similar character.

The officers of this huge organization are gentlemen who have given years of their time to the service in order to fit themselves for the positions they hold. They have labored under most adverse circumstances on many occasions, particularly when they have had to contend with officials placed at their head at Albany, who have no more idea of the real workings of the Guard than a babe unborn. Particularly does this statement apply to the matter of enlisting new men and keeping the strength of organizations above the minimum required by law.

Keeping in mind the fact that there is not one cent of pay allowed, except during the eight days which the guardsmen spend in camp every two years, upon which occasion they receive $1.50 a day and upward, according to rank, the question that will naturally present itself is, why do they do it? The answer to that question would be the exact truth: God only knows.

As to the graft charges, the investigators would have found that until recently the armory floors were rented during the afternoons, when they were absolutely useless for any State purpose whatsoever, to, say, tennis clubs. The money so derived is turned over to a committee of regimental officers for the use and benefit of the organizations exclusively. For instance, in some organizations this money is used for the purchase of shooting trophies and additional ammunition; in another regiment the money is being saved for the purpose of building a small house at Creedmoor. It is necessary, by the way, for members of the Guard to visit Creedmoor during the summer and fall season, without pay, for the purpose of rifle practice. This is an obligatory duty and involves absence from vocations for the entire day or days of practice. Creedmoor is an open lot on Long Island, barren of shelter, where there is not even a wood shed for the protection of soldiers that has been erected at the expense of the State of New York. In order that some place may be supplied for the protection of arms, ammunition, clothing and individual property, it has been necessary for regiments, squadrons, batteries, &c., to provide shelter at their own expense: hence the so-called clubhouses. By command of the Albany authorities, this source of revenue has now been peremptorily stopped.

As to the other "graft" charges, such as selling liquor in armories and taking parts of the salaries of laborers employed in armories, it seems hardly possible that any fair minded person could believe that these things have been a common practice in organizations commanded and officered by gentlemen.

It should also be said that the Major-General commanding the National Guard of New York, like all the other officers of the organization, is serving without pay; or to be exact, he is receiving the munificent sum of $50 a year, when there is an appropriation available to pay it. The certificate of fitness of the present commander includes the facts that he graduated from West Point and that he served as an officer in the army of the United States from 1868 until 1888, in the National Guard of New York from 1889 until the present date, and in the United States Volunteers during the Spanish-American war.

If the Guard had been investigated honestly and intelligently, the outcome, after months of labor and a heavy expense, would have been, I undertake to say, a reorganization of one department that for years has smacked of opera bouffe, and the permission to officers to have a few of the liberties while in the armories which they are in the habit of according to themselves elsewhere.

A CAPTAIN OF THE LINE.

NEW YORK, March 30.

A Name for Colonel Reade's Camp.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In re the naming of the Twenty-third Infantry's camp at Jamestown, for which Colonel Reade is inviting suggestions, I would modestly propose that of Captain John Smith. "Camp John Smith"! Why, it almost names itself when one thinks of it. Could any be more appropriate? Scratch the Indians and give John his due—a warrior, brave beyond the common, an adventurer in the best sense of the word, a diplomat, and above all a plain, all around sensible man, what Indian would, could or should rank over John Smith? Why, their very names would not have been spoken once where they are now one thousand times had it not been for the adventurous Captain.

Colonel Reade, permit us to address you during the Tercentennial at Camp John Smith, Jamestown, Va., please. ELINOR.

JERSEY CITY, March 30.

Sir Walter.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I suggest "Camp Sir Walter Raleigh." HENRY D. TYLER.

NEW YORK, March 30.

Endangering the Republic.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Do you realize that some of the best blood in our country is enriching the stock of Europe? Every day there are pouring in on us hordes of immigrants that we welcome gratefully because we know that without them this glorious country of ours could not be developed. But these immigrants must have leaders over them, and where are we to find leaders when the pick of our girls bear and bring up children in a foreign land? Where are our young Americans to find wives when every day we read in the society column, "The engagement is announced of Miss Columbia to Lord Rottingham-Rott"?

Europe sends us her ignorant, superstitious offscouring. To show our gratitude we send her in return the flower of our maidenhood.

NEW YORK, March 30. UNCLE SAM.

Maskers at Mass.

From the London Evening Standard.

Two sisters, one fifteen, the other seventeen, have been charged at Olmütz with offending the public feeling of reverence by coming to church in masks. In defence they protested, with tears, that they meant no harm. They had been at a masked ball till 5 o'clock in the morning, and being devout Catholics, had not wished to miss their matins. They had never thought of taking off their "loups," but had slipped into the church just as they were. The Court delivered judgment to the effect that objectively the accused were certainly guilty, but subjectively they had meant and done no harm. They were therefore acquitted.

Cost of London Poor Relief.

From the London Daily Telegraph.

The expenditure on poor relief in London is now four millions sterling a year. During the year ended March 25, 1904, the sums expended by the boards of guardians in London (exclusive of expenditure out of loans) amounted to more than £4,500,000, of which nearly £3,900,000 was derived from the rates.

The cost of maintenance of indoor paupers in London per head of the population was in 1906, according to the latest official returns, more than three times the cost per head throughout the rest of England and Wales.

A Familiar Complaint.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* With the humility befitting one of the despised individuals who helps to pay his salary, let me inquire how long we must endure the haughty disdain of the autocrat of the ticket window at our theatres and places of amusement? Are managers producing entertainments for their health or for business? If for business, why the insolence at the box office window? WORM.

NEW YORK, March 29.

A Fresh Definition.

Knicker—What is a self-made man?

Mrs. Knicker—One whose wife doesn't have to wear a self-made hat.

COAL IN SPITZBERGEN

The prospect brightens that Spitzbergen may become a source of anthracite of some importance. The more the archipelago is examined, the more promising, it is said, are the coal mining prospects along some of the coasts and in a number of the valleys. The railway, which was built three years ago a little inland from Advent Bay to bring coal down to the shore, is to be extended further into the main island to tap new sources of supply recently discovered. This is in about 78 degrees north latitude, or a little more than 800 statute miles from the North Pole. In order to make the short railroad already in operation available the year around the miners built it all the way under cover. Many tons have been hauled down to the shore on these tracks to await the arrival of steamers that have carried several loads of excellent coal to European markets.

The chief discoveries of coal have been made in Ice Fiord, the deep indentation of the west coast, and especially in Advent Bay, where the railroad was built. Here about fifty miners are living in small, warm dwellings. They have already proved the practicability of winter mining, and two years ago they installed electricity to illumine the long Arctic night in the coal mine and in their little settlement, so that they may add to the coal output every month in the year. It was in Advent Bay that Mr. Conway, who made the first crossing of Spitzbergen, replenished the coal supply of his little steamer eleven years ago.

The world will not be indifferent to any important coal resources which the Arctic regions may afford. Some day we may be drawing appreciable supplies from Greenland, and news of fresh discoveries of coal in any part of the accessible Arctic will be heard with interest.

Meanwhile Spitzbergen, the first of the Arctic islands to send coal to market and to be the goal of tourists every summer, is still a neglected waif whom none of the family of nations has yet sought to adopt. Some benevolent party of tourists may give it a flag of its own, unless the protection of one of the nations is extended over it.

Savings Banks in the South.

From the Washington Herald.

"My business dealings put me in close touch with the banks of a big section of the United States," said C. Thomas Coombs of Chicago. "The most interesting phase of banking is the great development of savings banks in several of the Southern States, especially North Carolina and Tennessee.

"It has not been so many years ago that people of the South hardly knew what savings banks were. The thrifty habits of the people of New England were unknown south of the Potomac; but all that has changed, and now you will scarcely find a town in the cotton belt that will not accept the dimes and dollars of wage earners. People tell me that a large factor in this new feature of Southern life is the extinction of the liquor traffic. In thousands of localities in Dixie saloons have been abolished and the money that used to go for drink is now saved by the heads of families. I think there is a great deal of truth in this claim, and the temperance people deserve the credit.

"Another contributory cause is the establishment of factories. The employees of the various industries are more apt to put away money than laborers in a purely agricultural region. At High Point, N. C., which has more than a hundred furniture factories, I was told that 90 per cent. of the operatives had money in the local savings banks. High Point also is a town without rum shops. It might not be out of place to add that in a good many places in the South the negroes are beginning to see the wisdom of saving and are organizing banks. There are two good ones run by colored people in Richmond; and one especially strong bank in Memphis is operated by negroes."

Inconveniences of an Indian Jail.

From the London Daily Telegraph.

A prisoner in Rampore Boalia jail has a clear grievance against the Government. There are certain inconveniences inseparable from prison life which all reasonable criminals more or less unwillingly accept, but the most complaisant draws the line at being marked down and clawed by a leopardess in the seclusion of the prison yard. The animal seems to have been inspired by a suffragette-like curiosity as to the inside of a prison, and having got in by the highly irregular method of leaping the wall, she ensconced herself among the low brick piers on which the old barracks are raised from the ground. In the early afternoon she espied a prisoner in the yard, clearing up, and like the impulsive creature she was, promptly leaped upon him, striking him to the ground and clawing his back. Then, with the fickleness of her sex, she suddenly changed her mind, and in an access of shyness ran away and hid herself among the brick pillars. Now Colonel R. R. Weir, Inspector-General of Prisons, happened to be in the village, and to him the incident was reported. Though it cannot be said that the duties of an Inspector-General of Prisons includes the destruction of vermin, Colonel Weir did not stop to consider technicalities, but borrowed a rifle. After some difficulty in geting within striking distance of the intruder as she lay in her fastness, he succeeded in planting his first shot behind her shoulder, after which nothing remained to be done but to drag out the carcass and record its tape measurement as more than seven feet.

Insanity.

From the London Nation.

It has commonly been said that lunacy was increasing in the modern world. But Mr. Noel Humphreys in his paper read before the Statistical Society proclaims the theory that lunacy is not increasing at all. According to his ingenious statement the apparent increase is due not to the growth of lunacy but to the growth of the care of lunacy. To put the matter shortly, he holds that it is not so much that there are more madmen but that there are more mad doctors.

Substantially his case appears very sound. There can be little doubt that many men are now put in asylums who would in previous ages have been allowed to wander in the meadows or to play about the streets. There can be little doubt that many men are now called insane who in other times would merely have been called wicked, and it is possible that many are now called madmen who in other times would merely have been called saints.

The only question is whether this scientific harvest of all the lunatics alive is so great an improvement as it looks. There can be no doubt that the wise men have come from all the ends of the earth to capture the village idiot, who once danced and laughed upon the green, not without having bricks thrown at him.

A Plain Spoken Potentate.

From the London Standard.

One great charm about the Amir in an Englishman's eyes is his way of dispensing with the ridiculous and fulsome expressions of flattery and humility which are necessary, according to the rules of the East, in polite conversation. When asked if he had a good journey through the Khyber to Peshawar, he should have replied:

"With the prospect of the joy and felicity of gazing upon the noble and heroic features of the brave and handsome representatives of the greatest kingdom of the world, the stony roads appeared to me like beds of down, the snowstorms and blizzards like zephyrs on a summer's eve, and the miserable desert like a garden of Paradise."

But he said nothing of the sort. What he did say was: "No; I did not have a good journey. It pleased Allah to bestrew my path with every form of difficulty and annoyance, and I am glad it's over."

Projectiles Now in the Lead.

From the London Standard.

A new type of projectile, which will play an important part in future warfare, and which, according to Sir Howard Vincent, will pierce any armor yet made, has been introduced by the Hadfield Steel Foundry. This announcement was made by Mr. R. A. Hadfield at the annual meeting of the company yesterday at Sheffield. He mentioned also that the firm had introduced a new steel called "Era," an entirely British product, for which the Admiralty had given them facilities for testing. It had proved of exceptional quality, and was fast coming into use for ship construction.

A Suffragette Passive Resister.

From the London Graphic.

A crowd of more than 5,000 people attended the sale at Market Cross, Edinburgh, of certain furniture, the property of Lady Steel, wife of the late Sir James Steel, former Lord Provost of the city. Lady Steel refused to pay house and property tax as a protest against women not having the vote. The amount of the tax was £18 0s., and the first article put up, a handsome oak sideboard, realised nearly double that amount.